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Northern Messenger

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A CALL FOR HELP!

By Humphrey Morgan

For the Messenger.

IT was a rainy evening at the camp on the shores of Bonnet Lake, but within the tent under the pines all was snug and dry.

Tom Challoner had stretched his five feet-eleven-and-a-half out comfortably with a substantial volume on engineering among the ancients, while his chum, Dudley Smythe—that ardent radio fan—was engrossed in a mechanical battle with a short-wave receiving apparatus. At length he threw down his head-set in disgust.

"Rats!" he exclaimed, pushing his fingers through his tow hair until it stood erect like a straw-pile in a wind. "I wish I were home for about half an hour!"

Challoner turned an enquiring dark eye upon him.

"Is dear Dudley homesick?" he asked gently.

"Don't be simple," admonished Dud. "I'm grousing because this little battery receiver is spoiling my holiday; it just brings in enough to be aggravating. This message from the Major, for example—"

"The Major!" echoed Tom, looking interested.

"Yes, Major Warren, you know. He's that enthusiastic old chap I contacted last winter at the U.; we used to have some good chats over the air-waves, remember?"

"Of course I remember," agreed Tom. "He's the retired American army officer you are to visit before the holidays are over. He has a summer home about two hundred and fifty miles south of here, hasn't he? What about him?"

Dud puckered an anxious brow.

"I'm sure he was trying to get me tonight, but I could only get a word here and there. I heard my call number three times, then the words 'Help —Come—Hurry—' twice repeated. After that there was nothing at all."

The two young men were thoughtfully silent.

"If the rain would only stop," said Tom at last, "I'd suggest flying down tomorrow to see what's what, just in case—"

Dud went to the tent door and opened the flap.

"It's still coming down," he announced, "but there are stars over Buck Mountain and the wind has swung west."

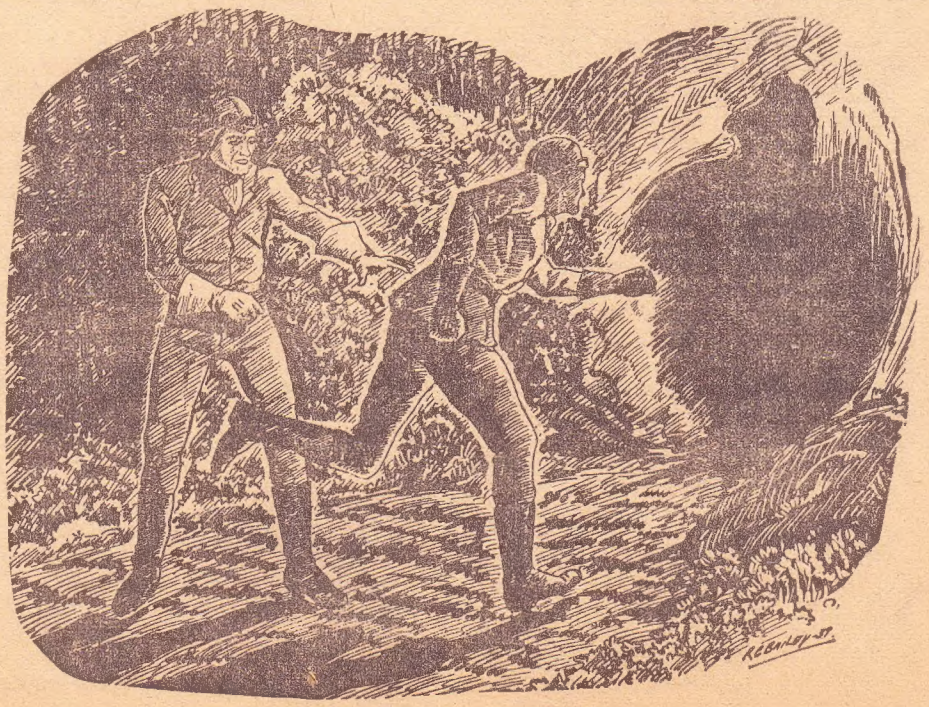
The following morning having dawned fair with a light breeze, Challoner and his friend spent several hours thoroughly overhauling the Mosquito for her trip. By noon the wild meadow near their camp which they used as a landing-field was in fair condition, so they were able to take off and head south, the rugged hill country rolling swiftly beneath them in an endless panorama of river and mountain, wood and plain, with miniature towns, like children's toys, dropped carelessly here and there.

Shortly after three o'clock they were circling over the picturesque chain of lakes beside which Major Warren had made his home, and were looking anxiously for a convenient space on which to come down. It was sighted at length in a narrow pasture near the town. Challoner landed beautifully and twenty minutes later they found themselves enjoying a cool drink in a little restaurant on the one business street where they enquired concerning the Major's place of residence.

The Chinese proprietor who waited on them, pointed the way from his window.

"You go down stleet," he explained, "and hi'e boat take you oveh. That's Majo' Warren's place otheh side lake. Maybe you can't see him; he's been pletty sick in his head fo' month now; got glandson, Leslie Wallen, and man nulse with him allee time."

Challoner gave a low whistle as



"A CAVE!" SHOUTED DUDLEY.

they walked down the hot street toward the water's edge.

"Sick in his head, eh?" he repeated. "Maybe that's the explanation of your odd message last night."

"Quite likely," Dud agreed. "Oh, well, it won't do any harm to go over and enquire after the poor old chap."

From the small wharf at which their motor-boat docked, a narrow path led up through clumps of shubbery to the veranda of a rambling, one-storied log house. It looked as though it might be deserted and Smythe rang several times without eliciting any response. At length a tall, pimply-faced young man appeared.

"Well," he said coldly, "what can I do for you?"

"We are friends of Major Warren's," Dud explained glibly; "we happened to be travelling through this way and decided to pay a friendly call."

The youth in the doorway made a feeble effort at cordiality.

"I'm very sorry!" he announced, "but my grandfather has been under a doctor's care for some time. Only yesterday we were compelled to remove him to a mental institution for his own safety. We hope a few months of special treatment and care may do a great deal for him—though one can never tell about old people."

It sounded reasonable enough; Challoner plucked at Smythe's sleeve to draw him away, but the latter's face wore a look of stubborn suspicion. Abruptly he shot his bolt.

"That's odd," he objected, "because I had a message from him only last night!"

For a moment young Warren's face went gray, then he laughed.

"You are either lying or dreaming," he sneered. "I don't know what your little game may be, but I invite you to get out or be thrown out! Hey, Bill—"

He raised his voice.

Dud clenched his fists, his jaw thrust out aggressively, but Challoner intervened.

"Come on, Dud," he said quietly. "We aren't going to turn a friendly visit into a free-for-all. Let's march."

For a moment Smythe glared at his friend, but something in Challoner's dark eye persuaded him. Without a word he swung on his heel and strode back to the beech.

It was not until they were fastening on their jackets and helmets once more that he spoke.

"Did you actually fall for Warren's tall story, Tom?"

"Not exactly," said Tom dryly, "though there is just a chance it might be the truth and I don't believe in sticking my neck out all the way! We'll stop in Thorgate tonight and have a chat with Corporal Macdonald. He'll know what steps to take. Ready, Dud? Then shoo those youngsters out of the way before we turn her over."

Winter Woods

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skaters iron rings.
And voices fill the woodland side.

—Longfellow.

The little town and the blue lakes sank rapidly below them. Smythe leaned out for a last look as Challoner swung in a wide arc over the Major Warren's summer home.

"Hey!" Dud shouted, pointing downward. "Do you see that?"

At the back of the Major's house stood an automobile and into it a stout man was being hustled unceremoniously, evidently very much against his will. Even as the birdmen looked, it sped away into the hills to westward.

Challoner's jaw tightened. Without a word he altered his course directly into the wind so as to follow the cloud of dust below them.

For an hour they flew into ever rougher country, over tumbling rivers, along narrow valleys between granite peaks and over dark forests through which the road wound like a yellow ribbon.

"Hope we don't have to come down here anywhere," Dud said to himself, regarding the terrain with disfavor.

As if in response to his thought, Challoner gestured ahead where a dark bank of cloud pushed its ugly head between the mountain-tops, blotting out the sun.

"We're in for trouble." His voice was harsh through the speaking-tube. "I'm going to pick the first likely spot—if there is one."

A gust of wind struck them with terrific force and Dud saw the valley floor slide alarmingly up the sky. When they had gained equilibrium, he noted that the road before them was empty.

"They're gone!" he shouted.

Challoner did not answer. He had espied a small patch of green grass beside the shimmer of water a mile away and was diving toward it desperately.

"Hang on!" he ordered as the ground rose to meet them.

Smythe obeyed. As the undercarriage touched the top of the coarse swamp grass, Challoner levelled out and they went rocking and bumping savagely until, with a sickening jolt, they settled into an oozy hole to lie partially submerged.

"A nice pickle!" growled Dud as he crawled out into water, knee-deep.

"Not so bad," said Tom, trying not to look distressed over the condition of his machine. "We might have had broken necks. As it is, we'll only have wet shirts."

A mighty roll of thunder echoed among the hills and the wind struck them like a blast of winter.

"Let's get going," urged Dud.

"Where to?" enquired Challoner, squinting up at the purple thunderheads above them.

"There's a path over there skirting the edge of the marsh; maybe it leads to an Indian village or a trapper's cabin."

"It probably goes somewhere," Tom acknowledged. "March!"

Heads bent, they plodded along the narrow trail. They had not gone far when it entered a belt of heavy pines that tossed and moaned wildly. It was warmer here, but dangerous in the rising gale for even now branches were cracking and flying, while every few seconds jagged streaks of lightning darted through the gloom.

They seemed to be climbing slowly; under their feet was the rubble of age-old slides and the rough out-cropping of native rock.

"We'd have been wiser to have stayed with the plane," said Challoner, wiping the blood from his face where a fragment of broken limb had struck him; "this isn't taking us anywhere."

A minute later Smythe caught him by the arm. In the unnatural twilight they could discern before them a bold wall of rock rising far above the trees. A few steps more and that apparently unbroken precipice yawned darkly.

"A cave!" cried Dud, his voice lost in the howling gale. "And just in time—Here comes the rain!"

Before Challoner could stop him, Dud had leapt for the mouth of the cavern, plunging through a few sheltering bushes to escape the downpour. On the threshold he stopped as if rooted to the spot. To the left of where he stood, a newly-built campfire sent a ruddy light flickering feebly up to the vast ceiling. On the ground nearby sat two men, one a stout old gentleman, his round face haggard and weary; the other was the pimply-faced young fellow Dud had met that afternoon!

In front of them, his little eyes regarding the intruder sourly, stood a big, brutish man, revolver in hand.

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Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble.

"ANY more of your cheek and I'll pick you up and throw you out," said Donald.

Jock arose sheepishly, rubbing his nose. He looked around at hostile faces and into Donald's flashing eyes. Evidently he thought discretion to be the better part of valor.

"Och aye! I'm going. But you'll hear more of this. If we don't break up this precious club of yours it won't be the fault of Jock Campbell and his pals."

He walked out without another word.

Later in the week Arnold M'Nair took advantage of the open invitation to visit the Centre extended to him by Jean.

If he felt disappointment at discovering Jean was not there when he called he did not show it. He made himself very agreeable to the Warden making enthusiastic enquiries about the work and more guarded enquiries about the lady he hoped to see.

"Tremendously interesting," said M'Nair, looking about him, taking care to maintain that open-minded diplomacy so characteristic of him. "Cups and saucers, I see. And cookies—splendid! We need this kind of thing, Mr.—er—?"

"Fairbairn — Donald Fairbairn — that's my name," Donald replied, trying to sum up this tall cleric.

M'Nair raised his eyes on hearing the name.

"Fairbairn? This seems to be quite a family affair—you're not, that is I suppose—"

"Miss Fairbairn is a sort of relative of mine. Her stepfather is my father's brother. She came with her mother when Robert Fairbairn married again. But she took the name Fairbairn to oblige him, I believe." Jean had not told him this, but he had come to the conclusion it must be so.

"I see!" The young cleric eyed him keenly, though he had to bend his long neck somewhat to do so. "And you're keen on all this social work—these tea fights and philosophy?"

"Not exactly," laughed Donald, amused at the way he put it. "I'm only a time-server, really. I'm filling in until I can find something better. Miss Fairbairn was good enough to offer me this to help me. As for the work"—he shrugged—"I can't see it lasting long. Too much up in the clouds—far too high up." It was only a coincidence that he had to crane his neck slightly to look into M'Nair's face.

The minister bent forward condescendingly, 'You think that? How tremendously interesting—do you know I was on the point of remarking something of the kind myself?"

Donald smiled his affable smile. "I had the feeling that this sort of thing would not appeal to a minister. I'm not much for the Church myself. But I can see you've got to do more for the masses than hand them round cups of tea. Yet what exactly the Church can do I'm not sure. It's not much use holding special missions and all that kind of thing—outsiders never come to them—and you've got to do more for men with worries like theirs than ask them to sing 'Count your Blessings.' "

"Now that's tremendously interesting," retorted M'Nair with a knowing nod. Donald was to discover that with this diplomat everything was not only interesting but tremendously so. He was also to discover that M'Nair lived on the principle of becoming all things to all men, but not in the Pauline sense.

"It's more than interesting: it's tragic," said Donald dryly. 'You pray for the lost sheep, you ministers, but you never go out after them—nor your members."

The minister flushed slightly, nodded sagely, said with an air of profundity, "Quite! Quite!" Then, as if realising that the occasion demanded something more, "Of course, I've tried services for the unemployed, and we've had Christmas parties for the poor children at our church—but the trouble is"—his voice dropped to a tone of confidence here—"in our neighbourhood the classes won't mix. You might as well try and blend water and oil as try and persuade our folk to take interest in anything beyond their four walls." He sighed. "It's tremendously difficult. But what can one do? One must be loyal to the type of folk one is called to minister to. We have to realise in modern Church life that the classes won't come together. If you happen to have some of each in any particular church they're against one another like cat and dog."

Donald warmed to him; he seemed so pathetically sincere this tall clergyman, yet so conscious of a sense of frustration. "Of course, I know you're up against it," he agreed. "With the preaching of reconciliation brought by the Cross for nearly twenty centuries there is still a great gulf fixed between the classes. One day perhaps we shall discover that there are two unpardonable sins—and the sin of our broken fellowship will be reckoned the greater—unless both are one—the sin against the Holy Spirit being the sin of self-satisfied snobbery whether you be millionaire or pauper—"

"I say, you are interesting, you know. You're a bit of a theologian in your way. Exciting to meet an idea like that. But I'm afraid I can't stay to discuss that now. I've got our Ping-Pong Club's Annual Social at six and after that I have to take the chair for our Weekly Dance Committee. Problems, I'm afraid. The older people are complaining that the jazz band annoys the prayer meeting—it's a job satisfying young and old these days." He sighed as he consulted his gold watch.

It was strange, however. Arnold M'Nair seemed in no hurry when Jean appeared. "Fancy meeting you after all," he greeted her, extending a limp hand and smiling. "I thought I'd run down to see what the work was like, as you so kindly asked me."

"Delighted to see you," replied Jean heartily. "And now you're here, what do you think of our little venture?"

M'Nair glanced awkwardly at Donald. He hesitated a moment. Then he said, "I think it's splendid—tremendously interesting. It's the Good Samaritan all over again. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least, eh? You're feeding their bodies whilst the churches are feeding their souls—splendid, really splendid."

"You're welcome to their souls," responded Jean lightly. "We're out to try our hands at restoring broken fellowships." They walked off together to inspect the recreation room.

Donald reflected, "A three-cornered contest nowadays for the lives of men. The Church with its spiritual food, the agnostic with his attempt to restore without dynamic, the politician with his better world through legislation! But between the three of them the so-called masses look more like pressed mutton than sheep going astray." He sighed. "It's a problem that wants thinking about. And I feel that lanky cleric is far too familiar with Jean."

Donald had two nights a week off duty.

He found the time hung heavily on his hands. The comfortless room at top of tenement—two pounds a week all found, including the dust and the landlady's history nightly—was not a place in which to take his ease.

As Mrs. M'Intosh had mentioned more than once, she had seen better

days; time was in her husband's lifetime when there had been as many as six easy chairs in the house, but they had gone to help pay for the funeral. The two beds with spring mattresses had followed when she had to pay for her operation. Nearly everything had gone, and life was a struggle.

Donald slept on a hard bed nightly, lounged in a creaky rocking-chair, the bottom of which fell out if you jerked it too suddenly, little fortified by the thought that he endured hardness on account of that surgical event and the decease of the worthy M'Intosh. More often than not he spent his free evenings in the room reserved for his use at the Shelter.

Sometimes, however, he would take a walk into the back streets of Glasgow. He found this a fascinating occupation. To one who all his life had been brought up in the wilds of Canada, the city in all its aspects provided some new interest.

His talks with Jean, the minister, and the men had brought a new point of view to him concerning life as lived in great industrial centres. He was thinking through new problems, coming into contact with life from new angles.

Whether it was children playing on the streets, women issuing from public houses, men playing pitch and toss in frowsy courts, gang-fights, dance halls, cinemas, lighted shops, busy traffic, he was making the discovery that life as he had known it hitherto was curiously quiet and out of touch with reality—grim reality too at times.

About a week after his first encounter with M'Nair, Donald was walking along a street in the east-end. He had arrived there by accident. He had started to walk without desire for going anywhere in particular and so found himself in this strange neighbourhood.

It was not until he heard wild shouting at the end of the thoroughfare, shouting blended with women's screams and children's cries, that he realised that perhaps he had ventured nearer an undesirable spot than was healthy for him.

He was about to turn back and make his way out by the way he had come when there dashed past him, going towards the cries, a gang of young roughs, youths of about the age of twenty. As they ran they shouted. From what they said, Donald judged that they were after somebody, that they were going to "get him," that they were going to "take it out of him" this time.

Donald had had no experience of Glasgow gangdom before, though he had heard of it. What he saw now made him apprehensive. He looked at the stout sticks and bottles these fellows carried with a shudder of dismay. Somebody was going to get hurt by the look of it. Best keep well out of the way.

Then suddenly there arose within him the spirit of Canadian-Scottish sense of fairplay. The spirit which had led him into many a fight on the prarie took possession of him. His contests had always been on behalf of the oppressed and the weak. Whoever it was who was going to "be got" he was a man against a crowd—a fellow with his back to the wall against a mob. Donald was too much of a Scot to stand by and see the unprivileged suffer. He began to run after the gang.

He did not stop to think. At such times the heart is not directed by logic, but by primal instinct. Had he stopped to rationalise he would have made himself scarce. He just allowed himself to be swept along by the urge that has made Britishers citizens of a great Empire based on fairplay.

Coming up to the crowd he thrust his way through with those broad shoulders of his. Fire was in his eye. His nostrils quivered. "Come away out of it, you lowdown skunks," he shouted.

His right shot out. Down went the foremost man who was about to strike a cringing figure with a beer bottle. The bottle smashed on the pavement beside the cowardly assailant. Women screamed the louder as he caught another rough under the chin and sent him sprawling backwards. A third he hit on the nose.

It is not to be pretended after the manner of melo-dramatic fiction that Donald's arrival dispersed the crowd of youths intent on assault. It was not a case of the hero single-handed putting to flight a horde as is the fashion of sensational schoolboy drama. But his coming certainly made a difference.

What really happened was he took the crowd completely by surprise. They saw a man respectably dressed, of imposing physique, of businesslike punch, a stranger obviously, entering the fray. After the first surprise of this realisation, fear gripped the roughs susceptible to mass suggestion. They had no means of knowing who Donald was. For all they knew he might be a policeman in plain clothes. They took fright, stampeded, especially as at the moment somebody shouted the word "Police."

Donald looked about him in surprise as he saw the attackers melt away. Many of the spectators, too, felt that it was not safe to be on the spot with the Glasgow police arriving. Almost before he knew it he was standing with the man who had been attacked, with a few women and children looking on, and burly policemen making their way towards him.

"What's all this about—what's going on here?" the sergeant asked, using the formula sacred to policemen from the beginning of the world.

"I found this chap being attacked by a gang," explained Donald. "He was in for a rough time, too. Luckily we turned up when we did."

The sergeant nodded. Two of his men had the object of the attack by the arm. "We were expecting trouble all evening. This fellow"—he indicated the man—"is wanted for defrauding a bookmaker on football pools. The others"—he laughed—"strange code of morals. They break all the commandments themselves—but they down one of their own sort who does them out of their winnings. All payment is stopped until this case is settled. There's another charge against him, too. Begging in the suburbs. If you'd come along and give evidence, sir, we'd be obliged."

"I don't want to be mixed up in this, sergeant—"

" 'Fraid you'll have to come. You were a witness of the whole thing. And you might be able to identify some of the men you hit so hard and who've managed to get away."

"I suppose I must—"

Donald gave a start of surprise. Only now he noticed the face of the man he had rescued. It was his recent enemy Jock Campbell!

"So it's you, Jock Campbell." Donald was almost too thunderstruck to speak. It was irony of circumstances that the man with his back to the wall was the man who had vowed vengeance on him and the work at the Shelter.

"Och aye; it's me all right," said the rough, hanging his head.

"No doubt about it's being Jock Campbell," grinned the sergeant. "He's too well known in these parts. Best come quietly, Jock," he said, adopting another time-honoured police formula "It won't do you any good to make a fuss."

Jock looked as if such a desire was far from his thought. He looked incapable of making a fuss or anything just then. He was utterly crestfallen—hanging his head; not a hang-dog expression, but the attitude called sheepish, was upon him.

Donald made up his mind suddenly. "I'll come along too. I've met this fellow before."

Jock Campbell came to life at that. "If you're coming to prefer another charge about that 'do' in the Shelter, let me tell you—"

"Hold your tongue," the sergeant advised not unkindly, "unless you want us to take further evidence."

In the station it was Jock's turn to be surprised. He looked on incredulously as Donald said to the inspector in charge, "Look here, can't I go bail for this chap? I haven't much money, but I can find sureties. I'll be personally responsible for him."

The inspector looked doubtful, shook his head, "In cases of this kind it's for the prisoner's own good that we keep him in the cells. Very good

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THE FINDING OF LOST MINE

By Anna C. Chamberlain

(Written for the Messenger.)

READERS HAVE MET

PETE, eldest son of a soldier's family, who find it hard to make a living on their grandfather's farm "with father at the front and the money from the Government slow in coming."

ROLLIE, aged 12, the younger brother; **MOTHER** and **SISTERS** and **UNCLE JED**, who tells how their grandfather's mine was lost in a cave-in.

"NICK JOHNSON'S brother," I answered ruefully; for it seemed to me that now all of grandpa's money, so marvellously returned to us, was likely to be claimed by another.

"Nick Johnson didn't have any brother," commented Uncle decisively, and just then we turned into the small square of darkness and found Pete trying to relight his candle.

It took but a moment for him to show Uncle Jed the box and tell him about the stranger while I stood guard in the entry.

"Humph!" snorted Uncle Jed in his excitement, "but if any of the miners who know about the lost treasure have stumbled on your find, you can't get it out of here and into a safe hiding place any too quick."

In this we agreed with him; so we did not stop to look into the box again; only made sure that there was nothing in the crevice back of it and then started for home. Pete and I took turns carrying the box—since the coins in the bottom made it heavy—while Uncle Jed with his gun, and Jack with his bark, went ahead as guard.

I had a feeling that we were watched; and so, I think, had Jack; for he barked wildly into the woods near by; but no one stopped or molested us, and we got the box safely into the house and into mother's bedroom closet. By this time it was late enough to go at the evening chores, and in doing this Pete and I kept together. We did not really know that we had anything to fear but that fellow at the mine looked mighty rough, and we certainly had riled him fearfully.

Nothing happened though. Everything was as still as frosty winter evenings are apt to be, and we threw down the last forkfuls of hay, finished the milking, and got back to the house just as it was beginning to get dark.

Supper tasted right good to us that night, for in our scramble to get through the work and down to the mine, and in our exciting adventures there, we had forgotten all about dinner. But, hungry as we were, supper was but a short meal, we were so eager to get through and examine the contents of the box.

Of course we did not want to do this without mother; so Pete and I washed the dishes while she put the little girls to bed, and then we set the dirty black box on her work table and all drew up around it.

It did not take us long to go through its contents. There was quite a pile of notes; some of them "wild cat", Uncle Jed said, but most of them were good. These amounted to over three thousand dollars.

Then there was the gold and silver in the bottom of the box. We counted that up in little piles, and figured it to be about sixteen hundred.

That seemed to be all, and we were laying out the banknotes in piles of the same denomination, when Uncle Jed came across a dingy, crumpled piece of paper with some writing on it.

The writing was straggly and poorly made and the ink faded; but he made it out to read:

Saved on lumber	$ 960.00
Bank money	3,100.00
Savings	630.00
Total	$4,960.00

"I suppose the savings were most of them his own," mused Uncle Jed as he studied over this bit of paper. "Well put it all away, this with the rest. It may come in as evidence."

Just then I looked up. I was sitting opposite the window and I saw, pressed against the dark pane, the light from the room falling full upon it, the same hard evil face that had showed out of the darkness in the mine that day.

His eyes were fixed so greedily upon the piles of money that he did not see me look up; but when my exclamation caused everyone to turn that way, the face vanished.

At the sudden commotion, Jack woke up with a wild barking; and when the door was opened to let out Pete and me, armed with the gun and horse pistol, he ran out too, and went to nosing about under the bushes and on and out into the shrubbery. We followed him a short distance into the bushes, firing now and then at a dark shadow; but we found no one, though Jack constantly announced, with angry growls, that a little further on, and a little further on, some foe was lurking. Pete would not let me go far, however.

"There'd be little gain to us," he warned me, "To have one of us fall into that fellow's hands and then have to pay all that money out for ransom. Better keep indoors at night and get the treasure into the bank as quick as possible."

And Uncle Jed said the same thing when we came back into the house, leaving Jack to storm and threaten out in the shrubbery as long as he would.

We locked the money safe in mother's closet and fastened every door and window in the house; but the memory of that covetous face at the window was still with us, so we decided to keep watch, turn and turn about till morning. But in spite of the watchful sentinel, armed with gun and pistol, and old Jack patrolling the yard outside, we were all too much excited to sleep, and none of us were sorry when daylight came.

Pete and I had studied over the matter during the long night and decided that, while it was not safe for one of us to go unguarded into the city with the box of money, it would never do to leave mother and the little girls alone in the house.

Uncle Jed had thought of this, too, and had made a plan of which he told us as quick as we came in from doing the chores, over which we had wasted no time that morning.

"Rollie had better be the one to car-

(Please Turn to Page 9).

What wouldst thou be?
A wavelet just rising from life's wide sea?
In the fairy realms of fancy dwelling,
The golden moments for sunbeams selling;
Ever counting on bright to-morrows,
And knowing nought of unspoken sorrows?

Not so, not so!
Less leaping flame, but a deeper glow!
There is more of sorrow, but more of joy,
Less glittering ore, but less alloy.
There is more of pain, but more of balm
And less of pleasure, but more of calm.
—Browning.

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Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 5, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : In the beginning was the Word.—John 1:1.

Mon. : The same was in the beginning with God.—John 1:1.

Tue. : Thou, Lord in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth and the heavens are the works of Thine hands: They shall perish but Thou remainest.—Heb. 1:10, 11.

Wed. : Ye shall be My people and I will be your God.—Ezek. 36:28.

Thu. : A new heart also will I give you.—Ezek. 36:26.

Fri. : He was manifested to take away our sins.—1 John 3:5.

Sat. : I am . . . the Beginning and Ending saith the Lord.—Rev. 1:8.

God blesses the home where the family altar is maintained; and if the altar has been neglected, it is not too late to get into the path of blessing.

Stand Boldly

MOST of the great victories could be won without fight if men were prepared to win them, for it is true today as of old that the wicked flee when no man pursueth. The wicked become very bold, however, if they have reason to believe that nobody is going to take the trouble to interfere with them. —Advance.

Turning Over a New Leaf

THE idea of turning over a new leaf has not yet been outworked. If this is so, and there seems no valid argument against it, why not work the idea for all that it is worth this new year?

Perhaps you have been going along for some months feeling that you are not making the most of your spare time. You come home in the evening from school, office, or shop and have no definite plan for the evening. You look over the newspaper, turn on the radio, and then, if the opportunity presents itself, go out for a good time. Do you fee that spending your leisure time in this way is resulting in no permanent good?

Then turn over a new leaf. Make up your mind that you will redeem your spare hours. Outline for yourself a definite course of reading, for instance. Or, if you feel that you do not have sufficient will power to carry through on your own, how about enrolling in an evening school or signing up for work by correspondence? Often we need the impetus that comes by having someone else check up on us now and then.—Great Thoughts.

The burden of history is what man has been; of law, what he does; of physiology, what he is; of ethics, what he ought to be; of revelation, what he shall be.—George Finlayson.

Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latches of his sandal shoon.—Longfellow.

A great many people pray for a strong leader, who would not dare to follow him if he were to appear.

New Year Thoughts

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod;
The new year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine, and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend,
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend!

—*Square and Compass.*

The Greater Day

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the Perfect Day."—Proverbs 4:18.

Why should not each new day,
Ere it shall pass away,
Have seen far greater things
Than common daylight brings?

For faith has power to draw
By some mysterious law,
Rich blessings from above,
Blessings of peace and love.

These will enrich our life
And soothe and calm its strife;
Thus life shall gain in worth
By mingling heaven and earth;

Till, like the angels bright
We, too, shall walk in light,
And see each new-born day
Greater in every way.

Each day let us take a step upward to higher ground, with the determination to make a better and fuller use of the opportunities for service, which God places in our path.—Frederick W. Neve

Pithy Sayings on Preaching

DR. MacINTYRE writes:

"I have just been reading a small book on Preaching by a Scottish Minister, Rev. Arthur Allan; as my own preaching days are past I pass on some of his sayings to my younger brethren."

The art of preaching never comes from theoretical knowledge how to do it. It comes from the actual practice of the art.

A man may know all the rules of golf, and be a duffer at the game.

Good preaching is the fruit of earnest study. You cannot draw water from an empty well.

Preaching requires the consecration of the whole man to his special work. It is not a half-time job.

It is possible to shout so loudly that people cannot hear what is said.

The sermon should grow out of the text as the flower grows out of the seed.

The pulpit is not the place for discussion, but for the declaration of a positive message.

The preacher should not proclaim what he does not whole-heartedly believe.—N.S.W. Presbyterian.

There are many persons of whom it might be said that they have no other possession in the world than their character, and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king.

Young People's Bible Reading

Seventy Times Seven

for Sunday
JAN. 14, 1940.
Matt. 18:21-25.

by BEROAN

AFTER the Transfiguration on Mount Hermon (Matt. 17:1-8) our Lord and the twelve returned for a short period to Galilee. It was probably here that we would place the lovely incident we dealt with some weeks ago about "the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven." (18:1-10) "How He loved children, and commended them to men's care. But oh! How angry if one led them wrong. . . . Think of Him looking at the little boy, and letting His thoughts run into the future, when people should tempt that child away from God. How awful is Christ's anger! . . . . The worst sin in God's sight is to tempt another to do wrong." (Paterson Smyth)

And then He told the story he loved to tell, about the lost sheep. (12-14) It was to show how each one was so precious in God's sight that He would go through anything rather than "one of these little ones should perish." (Choose 'There were ninety and nine' for one of your Sunday School hymns today.)

"GAINING ONE'S BROTHER"

ONE reason why people stay away from God and goodness is through misunderstandings with friends and neighbors. A misunderstanding easily becomes a quarrel and hard feelings result. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" says St. Paul. Before we go to rest at night let us think through the day and honestly forgive as we wish to be forgiven. Bitter feelings shut God out of our own heart as well as hindering those we dislike.

Our Lord gives some practical suggestions about making up quarrels. (15-20) They are not hard and fast "rules." But no doubt this very method was used in little Christian "synagogues" and "churches" in Apostolic days, and the principle is applicable today. The main thing is to "gain one's brother" and it is impossible to do this if there is bitterness between us. We must be honest about this, for Honesty is the foundation of all virtues.

"First make sure whether you may be in any degree to blame yourself. If so, go to him and say: 'I'm afraid I began this—I'm sorry.' Any generous boy or girl would respond to that at once and confess his own wrong; and so you would have done him good, and kept him from sin and pleased the Lord. In any case, you are to feel sorry for him if you are sure that he is in the wrong and not penitent. And if you can do anything to bring him right, do it." (Paterson Smyth)

O Man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow,
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven—
For all the blessed souls in heaven
Are both forgiving and forgiven.
—Anon.

Forgiveness free for evil done
And love to all men 'neath the sun.
—Rudyard Kipling.

Forgiveness can never be indifference.

* * *

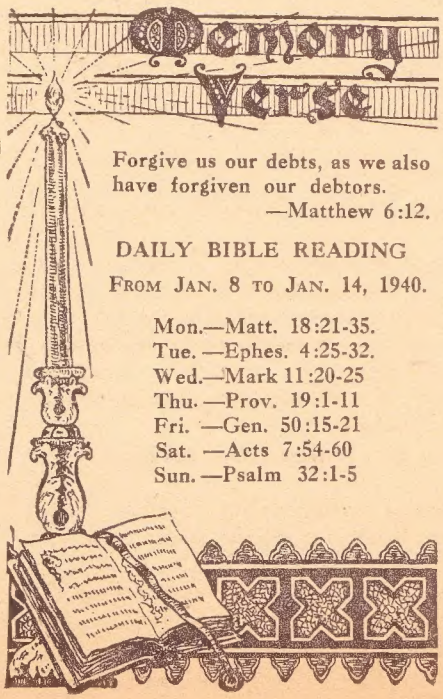
Forgiveness is love towards the unlovely.

* * *

God holds the unforgiving man with His hand, but turns His face away from him.—George MacDonald.

This little talk set Peter thinking, and as usual that honest-hearted fisherman puts his thought into words. The Rabbis taught that a man might be forgiven three times for an offence, but not a fourth time. Peter, aware that the righteousness of the disciple should "exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees" makes a big advance and wants to know whether he should not extend his forgiveness to "seven times", the Jewish perfect number.

Jesus said to him: I say not unto thee Until seven times; but until seventy times seven. Perhaps our Lord framed his reply in deliberate contrast with Lamech's fierce old "Song of the Sword" in Gen. 4:24. (Cain avenged sevenfold . . . Lamech seventy and seven fold); "the unlimited revenge of primitive man has given place to the unlimited forgiveness of Christians." (McNeile) Our Lord was always averse to the grudging spirit that "measures" one's gifts or one's forgiveness. (Matt. 5:43-48; 10:8; Luke 6:27-38)



"THAT GREAT DEBT"

AND then He tells them a story. The Rabbis frequently illustrated their teaching by stories. Often "a king" was the central figure. I suppose stories about kings and queens, princes and princesses always touch the imagination. In Matthew 22:2; Luke 14:31; 19:12 we have other "king stories."

"The parable represents a scene in an Oriental court. The king is an eastern monarch who summons the governors over his provinces, his tax collectors and government officials to give an account before him of the manner in which they had administered their offices." (Marshall)

"The parable illustrates God's dealing with Christians, not with the world." (Dummelow)

Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto. — The story illustrates the principles operating in the kingdom. Forgiveness is the very life of the Kingdom. Those who cherish hard feelings against others interrupt the free course of this gracious life and shut themselves out from its blessings.

Ten thousand talents. — A Greek talent equalled about $1100, a Hebrew talent (silver) about $2000, (gold) about $30,000. The total taxes paid in one year by Judea, Idumea, Samaria, Galilee and Peraea combined did not come to more than 800 Greek talents. "The enormous amount in the parable is intended to suggest the limitless character of God's forgiveness." (Box)

Commanded him to be sold with his wife and children. — Under many ancient legal systems a man's family was regarded as part of his property and could be sold for his debts.

The king was "moved with compassion." A beautiful word. In English it has the idea of "putting one's arm round" a person in trouble. In Greek it means something like "one's heart going out" to the unfortunate.

The servant did not ask for full forgiveness of the debt, but for time in

(Continued on Page 7.)

A CALL FOR HELP!

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Stick 'em up!" he ordered harshly, "And be quick!"

Smythe obeyed with bad grace.

"So this is where you keep the Major!" he growled, his temper getting the better of his discretion. "You're going to have some explaining to do to the police."

"That's somethin' we're not aimin' to do," grinned the man with the gun, tightening his trigger finger ominously. "I'm puttin' you where there won't be no questions later. Get me?"

There was no mistaking his evil intent. Major Warren cried out and half rose, only to be brutally knocked down by his grandson.

"Be careful, Bill you fool!" the latter shouted. "There are two of them—".

His warning cry drew Bill's attention for one half second and in that instant a jagged chunk of rock caught the scoundrel squarely in the face. Down he went with a howl of pain and fury, his gun falling back in the shadows.

"At them, Dud!" came Challoner's voice from the outer darkness.

Smythe needed no urging and the two young men flung themselves bodily on the scoundrels. The battle raged furiously for Leslie Warren was made of better stuff than he appeared and the man called Bill was a heavy, powerful chap, half mad with rage. Even so, he was findng his match in Challoner who was all bone and sinew, when the latter turned his ankle on a loose stone and went backward with Bill on top of him.

Challoner saw a knife gleam above him, saw Dud stretch out his opponent with one desperate, final blow, then leap to his aid with a horrified face.

At that moment a stern voice ordered, "Drop that knife, you cur! Get onto your feet!"

The knife dropped from Bill's fingers and he rose unsteadily. Turning his head Challoner beheld Major Warren, the missing revolver in his hand and a deadly look in his eye.

"I'll take charge of this little show from now on," he said."

"You see," said the Major, twenty-four hours later as they sat by a cosy fire in his big living-room, "this precious grandson of mine has been travelling in some decidedly bad company and together he and his associates concoted a pretty scheme to squeeze about twenty thousand dollars in cold cash out of me. (I should tell you that my property goes to charity when I die—not to Leslie.) Their chance came when my old servant, John Blaine, got six months leave to go home to his aged mother in Vermont and Minna, my cook, decided to get married

(Please Turn to Page 12).

THE SACRAMENT OF WORK

JOHN OXENHAM

Upon thy bended knees thank God for work,
We thank Thee, Lord!

Since outcast Adam toiled to make a home,
The primal curse a blessing has become,
Man in his toil finds recompense for loss;
A workless world had known no Christ nor Cross.

A toiler with His hands was God's own Son;
Like His, to Him be all thy work well done,
None so forlorn as he that hath no work,
None so abject as he that work doth shirk.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

(Continued from Page 7).

which to pay it. The king forgave him the debt. "Learn from this that God gives more even than we ask." (Euthymius)

The word "debt" here is loan. It is a case of money "lent." What has God "lent" to us?

"Don't you see, God puts us here, not merely to keep from doing harm, but to do good; to make life a noble, lofty, beautiful thing for ourselves and others. Fancy God saying to you, 'My child, I have given you health, and strength, and cleverness, and friendships, and a happy home, and influence with your comrades and many other things because I want you to help me to make this poor old world good. Now what have you done for Me?" And you say, 'Well Lord, I think I have not done much harm.' Fancy saying, 'Well, Lord, I'm as good as a rabbit or a pig, at any rate." What a proud boast, after all God's splendid gifts to you, given to be used for good. . . . God wants your life to be a very happy life. But you should think of it if you have been forgetting Him, and go and ask Him to forgive you. . . . And whenever you understand how great and full is God's forgiveness, you will be so touched by it that you can never be unforgiving to another. You would feel as mean as the man in the parable." (Paterson Smyth)

"FROM YOUR HEARTS"

THE servant went out and found one of his fellow servants who owed him a hundred pence (about $15).

Note his hardness and cruelty. "The verbal similarity of v. 29 with v. 26 brings into glaring prominence the cruelty of the refusal." (Box)

He cast his fellow-servant into prison. Of course his other fellow-servants told the king about it. So he was again arrested and brought before him. Shouldst not thou also have had mercy. —"Unwillingness to forgive is equivalent to unfaithfulness in a disciple." (Box)

Tormentors. — Torture was not a Jewish or Roman punishment for debtors, but it might be used by an Eastern despot to make a debtor disclose his hidden hoard.

Our Lord told each of His stories to enforce some special lesson. It is unwise to found any doctrine on the details. God is not an Oriental despot who can be very generous in one hour and hand a servant to "the tormentors" the next. But if, as commentators are agreed, this parable deals with the conduct of Christians—"fellow-servants"—toward each other, the phrase "the tormentors" has a very fine meaning. It is conscience, mercifully awakened by God, which "torments" us till we come back to Him.

Forgiveness is much more than remission of a penalty, as we say "letting off." It is restoration of fellowship.

Our Lord often stressed the duty of forgiveness. Matt. 5:7; 6:12, 14. It is the great Christian virtue, Jas. 2:13; Rom. 12:14, 18-21; I Thess. 5:15; 1 Peter 3:9.

From your hearts.—Our forgiveness must be ungrudging. "He that showeth mercy with cheerfulness." (Rom. 12:8) The word is "hilarity"!

The R.V. gives much the better rendering of our Bible Reading for this coming Tuesday, (Eph. 4:25-32) "even as God also in Christ forgave you." Our Gospel is that of a seeking, loving God. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself . . . and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. (2 Cor. 5:19) The great need of the world is that people be reconciled to God who loves them and to each other. In our "small corner" we can do something to bring this about.

QUESTIONS

1. **What had our Lord been speaking of when Peter asked his question?**
2. **Why did Peter speak about forgiving a brother "seven times".**
3. **Did our Lord mean that we should forgive exactly four hundred and ninety times?**
4. **What story did He tell to illustrate this truth?**
5. **What did our Lord want to teach by this story?**
6. **"Forgive us our debts—". Complete the verse.**

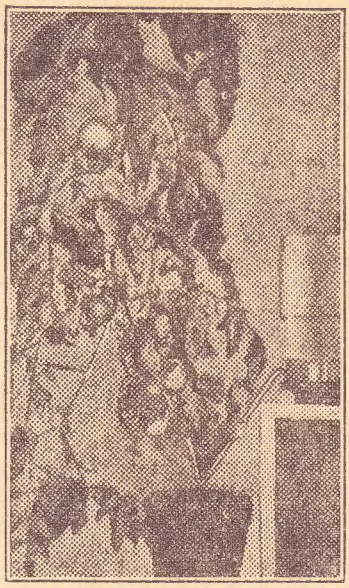
(For Answers Please Turn to Page 12).

Happy is the man who believes in his fellow, for it is more blessed to be deceived in some things than to be suspicious in all things.

Growing Plants Without Earth

THE method of growing plants in nutrient solutions has long been employed in plant laboratories for experimental purposes, but it has only recently been made available to amateurs with assurance of gratifying results at a reasonable cost.

Photo of Gladiolus taken at three weeks from planting. Tray has been removed from tank to show extensive roots. Gladiolus and other bulbous plants respond rapidly.



Tomato plant grown by Sand culture method. Several ripe fruit were picked several days before this photo was taken. In this case a small glass tube acts as a syphon and the chemical solution drops slowly on the sand. No attention needed except to refill glass jar when empty.

The basic principle of this new and fascinating type of gardening is the substitution of a chemical solution for soil. There are two general methods in use. One is to supply the solution in tanks, jars or bottles, the plants being supported so that their roots are immersed in the solution.

Secondly, the sand culture method, sand being used simply for the excellent support it gives. By this method, the solution is supplied at intervals or can be arranged to drop slowly and continuously.

The equipment needed is in general available around the home. The soilless method of growth offers a rare opportunity to study plant development, and the rate of growth and wonderful results are phenomenal.

A point of interest is that seedlings, planted in coarse sand, not only root fast and vigorously but can be transplanted with practically no injury to the roots.

It is most important that the chemicals be absolutely pure, as impurities may be harmful to plant growth. It has been proved that impurities to the extent of one or two parts in a million of solution may be injurious so, since the chemicals are a comparatively small item in a "soilless gardening" outfit, it would be penny wise and pound foolish not to buy the best.

This is a photo of two 12-gallon tanks, showing a wide variety of vegetables and flowers under test. Tray of one tank is lifted to show root system.

FINDING OF LOST MINE

(Continued from Page 5).

ry the treasure to town," he began almost losing his old man's way of talking in his eagerness.

"I'll go with him as guard and because I can tell the lawyer more about Nick Johnson and his relatives than either of you boys. Besides Pete's the best one to be left to take care of things here."

Which was all true and good sense; but Pete looked after us mighty wistfully as we got into the buggy behind old Fan, Uncle Jed holding his old carpet sack, into which he had put the precious tin box, tight between his feet.

"Now, Pete," he said stopping for a last word before I clicked to old Fan. "You may have to use some patience today. Remember you're here to keep your mother and the girls safe and we want to find you here when we come back. I know miner folks better'n you do, young fellow. They won't come up here and attack the house; but if they should come over by the mine hollering and shouting or even up nigh the barn and you should go out to tell them to go away, it would be mighty easy to get into a quarrel. Keep by the house today, Pete, and don't take any chances."

And then we drove off fast, not giving Pete time to tell us he wouldn't stand for any nonsense from that crowd, or make any other boast which he might think it necessary to make good.

It was a bright, frosty morning, and the roads were all beaten down as smooth as pavements; which was a good thing for Fan, as Uncle Jed kept prodding her along whenever she showed the least sign of halting.

"There's oceans of time before the train," I started to say once, and just then there came the crack of a rifle from behind a tall bush and a bullet whizzed by so close I could hear it zip.

I reached for the shotgun and looked sharp in that direction; but Uncle Jed gave Fan another clip that sent her sailing. We were beyond sight of the bush in less than a minute, as our horse didn't like the crack of a gun any too well herself. But there were more hunters out in the woods than I had ever noticed before, which made me uneasy, especially when we passed a hedge or a thicket, and I was right glad when we got to Milltown and drove down between the built-up streets.

"Stop at Lawyer Fuller's," called Uncle Jed suddenly as we were going along one of the nicest blocks, and I drew rein quickly before a large white house we were about to pass.

(To Be Continued.)

WELCOME TO ALL NEW CHUMS

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Once again I sit down to write, not my first, but my fourth letter to your page. But really chums, I find it great fun to write to you because my pen seems to glide along just bubbling over with news for you. I also write to three separate girls, by the way Lorna Potter, and Pearl Harris where's the interesting answers I'm waiting for.

I've just finished listening to "One Man's Family" do any of my chums listen to it? I'm also reading "The Golden Road" one of L. M. Montgomery's books.

I hate to miss Sunday School now for I know that I'll miss the Messenger and all the interesting letters on the Chums Page. I remember once before when I wrote to the Mail Bag, I remarked on how surprised I was to find so many letters that week. But now I see the page is full every week. Keep it up Chums, I'm sure Aunt Ruth is as pleased as I am. I wonder if every chum is as happy as I am to belong to your page, if so you must have some very pleasant nieces, and nephews Aunt Ruth.

Well, I must close now, so good-bye, one and all. Until I write again, may I remain your loving niece and chum, —Lumina Holmes, Que.

P.S. Happy New Year to all.

To Thelma Shaw from Lumina Holmes

Dear Thelma,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but as I was absent when your letter was published I was not able to obtain that week's Messenger from a friend until today.

In your letter you said that you lived two miles from the city, is that the city of Montreal? If so, what would you call the place where you live, you see I live in the suburbs of the city and I thought perhaps I could cycle to see you some day, but it depends on what side of the city you live on, perhaps you are miles away from me.

You also mentioned that you like to make up stories, why don't you send one in to the Northern Messenger?

How are you getting along at school? I find it much easier this year and like it a lot more. What grade are you in? By the way you haven't told me how old you are or what colour your hair and eyes are. From our classroom window we can see the "Black Watch Regiment" practising on the McGill Campus and it is a great temptation to watch them instead of doing our work. Well, I really must stop as I'm taking up too much room. So good-bye for now and please write soon. From your new and loving Chum, —Lumina Holmes.

To Jean Hird from Marion Althouse

Dear Jean;—I was very glad to hear from you, through the Northern Messenger. I hope we can continue writing to each other for a long time.

I write to about 8 other girls, which I have gained from another club. So you see I am busy writing part of the time. Do you write to any other girls?

My sisters names are Beryl and Edna. My older sister Beryl is going on eighteen, and my other sister was four in August.

I have my three Bantam hens now, the ones I told you I was getting. They are so very pretty, and they walk around as if they were quite proud of themselves. Their names are Biddy, Speckles, and Penny. Have you got any pets?

I am quite a bookworm, so I spend most of my time in reading books. I especially like to read of the Campfire Girls. Do you?

My favourite authors are: Mrs. L. T. Meade, Jane Grey, and Annie Roe Carr.

Our Christmas school concert was on the 21st of Dec. There are 28 pupils going to school.

I will close, asking you to write again soon. I remain as before, your friend,—Marion Althouse.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter. I was twelve years old on September the eighteenth. I have a mile to go to school. I like my teacher very much, her name is Miss Mann. I like to go to school, and am in grade VI.

I have dark hair and brown eyes. I am very thin. I have four sisters and have no brothers. I live on a farm.

I saw the King and Queen when they visited Canada. I saw them at Newcastle N.B. We (pupils of the school) went by train to Newcastle in the morning at 4.30 A.M. The Queen was beautful! She was like a DREAM.

Well as my letter is getting long I had better close, so I will leave room for other chums. I wish for pen-pals of girls and boys my own age. Your new chum,—Marion Ronalds, N. B.

To Marjorie McHanson From Theo Marie Coray

Hello, Marjorie:—Although you don't know me, I feel that I have known you for a long time. I read your letter of the 17th. and I was glad to read a letter from a Sister Guide. How long have you been a Guide? I've been a Guide for 1yr. and 7 months. What is the name of your company and what patrol do you belong to? I belong to the "3rd. Victoria North Co." the name of the patrol I belong to is "The Scarlet Pimpernels," we hold our meetings every Friday.

Since I am a stranger to you, I'll tell a little bit about myself. I am a Colored girl, 15 yrs. old, born on Jan. 12. I am 5 ft. 4 in. the same height as you and I also wear glasses. I do not go to an ordinary school, I am taking up the "Home Service Training Course" given by the Dominion Provincial Government. I go five days a week. School starts at 9.20 a.m. and closes between 3.30 and 4.00 p.m. I have one brother, he is a year younger than I, and he is in grade 10. You said you had a brother in Van., well, I was born in Van.

I have a dog also, he will be five years old on Dec. 6, we call him "Whiskers", he has two white paws and a white chest, the rest of his body is black.

My hobbies are, reading, knitting, stamps, bicycle riding and going to the Y. W. C. A.

I think I have told you enough about myself, I will close now, hope to hear from you, Your pal,—Theo Marie Coray.

TRUE OR FALSE

Teacher: "Anyone who answers the first question need not answer the second. Now: How many hairs has a horse?"

Tommy: "Please, sir, 5,318,402."

Teacher: "How do you know that, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Ah, sir, that's the second question."

She could drive a team of ponies,
With consummate grace and skill.
She could drive a man distracted,
With her charms when dressed to kill
She could drive a clever bargain,
At any kind of sale,
But never was successful,
When she tried to drive a nail.

This Week's Star Correspondent:

THEO MARIE CORAY

Hon. Mention:

MARION ALTHOUSE

BE A MARTHA ANN

MARTHA ANN was out in the back yard hanging up the weekly wash of the Brown family. As she toiled she sang loud and clear a merry little song.

The grocer's boy, trudging along in the dusty street, heard it, and whistled the same tune, forgetting that the basket which he held was almost too heavy for him to carry.

Mrs. Brown heard it, too. Poor Mrs. Brown! She was always at work in her stuffy little house, and always tired, but the song flew through the open window, and she smiled at it, because it was a careless, happy little thing; and before she knew it she was singing as she moved about—something she had not done for many a weary day.

Baby May heard the rippling sounds, her little white teeth were pushing up into sight. They hurt the little maid, those hidden teeth, so that she was fretting uneasily and cried to be comforted. But the merry little song laughed at her, and she listened and cooed and dimpled with delight, and she reached out her pretty arms as if she could catch and hold it fast.

A little girl who had been shut in for several weeks, and was downhearted and blue because she could not go out with the other girls, also heard the song and she unconsciously hummed the merry tune and it made her heart glad.

Just a little song, just as any one might sing, quickly sung and quickly sinking into silence, but what a pleasant mission it had in the world!

It is worth while to be a Martha Ann; to drop a little oil of gladness on the grinding wheels of life, to make them run a little easier and a little smoother. Even you and I may do that. —The Herald and Presbyter.

A MISSIONARY CAR

WHAT a funny car! What is it? Where did it come from? "It can fly. I saw it! It flew over there, and then around there, and now it is running around on the ground." With a sweeping gesture, a Telegu coolly thus enlightened his friends. The subject under discussion was a strange car which looked to them like an aeroplane. An old chassis, a few sheets of galvanized iron, a bit of work and we were the owners of the most talked-of car in Burma. It became known as the "Christian" car. The curious crowds which gathered every time we parked, soon found themselves searching for a pice to buy the books we carried. Sometimes we went out just to sell the Scripture portions, but even on business trips we carried our stock of books.

One time, we left Bro. Stride in the car while we went to attend to some business. Soon a crowd had gathered and he was busily engaged selling gospels almost as fast as he could hand them out. This enraged a number of Mohammedans who began to buy the portions and destroy them. When Bro. Stride realized that the books were only being bought to be torn up, and thrown in the gutter, he did not know what to do. He looked longingly round for help. There was none. Finally he raised the price from one pice to one rupee. (There are sixty-four pice in a rupee.) The Mohammedans were infuriated, but he would not give in. They began threatening him, but just then we returned and drove off to another part of town.

Every Saturday for many months, about three to four hours were spent driving from place to place selling gospels. For a long time we never failed to gather a crowd. The crowd still continued to question and wonder. One of their most frequent questions was: "Will it go into the water? Will it go clear to the bottom?" We always answered, "Yes" and they went away apparently satisfied. None ever asked if it would come up again.

Fully twelve thousand gospels in twelve languages were sold in the streets of Rangoon from the "Christian" car.—Seven Years in Pagoda Land.

AVOID HATRED

KEEPING healthy is one of the ways by which children enrolled in the Junior Red Cross can help in wartime, according to a message to the branches throughout Canada from Miss Jean E. Browne, Toronto, national director of Junior Red Cross.

The message says in part: "How can you help? First of all, by being more vigilant than ever to keep yourselves and others in good health. A sick person is of very little use to his country, either now or in the years to come.

"In the second place, you can devise ways and means of earning and saving money to give to the soldiers' fund of the Red Cross. Perhaps you might consider denying yourselves candy during the war, and use the money you usually spend on it to help get comforts for the men who are fighting our battles.

"In the third place, do not give up your program of international friendliness. The world needs friendliness and love as never before. Do not hate our enemies. Hatred is vicious, and never accomplishes anything but harm. If, for instance, there are children of German parentage in your school, do not treat them badly. They had nothing to do with this war, and if you are unkind to them, you are guilty of injustice. Let us put forth every effort to help our soldiers, and let us not show hatred in any form."

OUR BOAT IN LABRADOR

CANADIAN BRANCH OF THE INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

Frederick E. Dougall, Esq.,

Witness Building, Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—Thank you very much for copies of Northern Messenger containing special articles by and about Sir Wilfred, also "The Saga of Newfoundland." We have sent on, as requested, the sample copies of the paper to Sir Wilf.

My earliest childhood recollections include the Northern Messenger in our home in Nova Scotia. Then later on when I went down on the Labrador I had an introduction to another "Northern Messenger", the launch from Harrington. After spending my first year on the coast, at St. Anthony, I awaited the first steamer which was to take me home. A telegram had arrived to say that my mother was ill and I was almost frantic with worry.

That was the last winter that Dr. Grenfell and his family spent on the coast too, a late spring, much ice and "in-winds" all conspired to keep the mail-boat back. S.S. Prospero got as far as Hare Bay and had to turn back. Finally on June 23rd, just twenty years ago, the Doctor decided to send me in the "Northern Messenger" as far as we could get into the Straits of Belle Isle to possibly connect with a steamer out of Bay of Islands. We started off with the engine going, poling our way through the ice about four o'clock in the morning, but before we had gone twenty miles had to depend on sail as the ice was so thick we would have snapped off our propeller.

All day long we crept in and out among ice-pans and sometimes could sight land and sometimes out into the Straits. Finally about dark we ran into fog, thick and murky. A fog horn blaring away on Point Amour did not even make it seem safe to try to poke into Flower's Cove so we set off to cross the Straits once fore for Fortau. When we finally dropped anchor it was midnight but just in front of Sister Bailley's door. It had been an exciting trip and very well worth while when I heard the welcome words, "the steamer is expected tomorrow."

I relate this long tale to explain why I have a warm feeling in my heart for the very name Northern Messenger.

I enjoyed the Labrador Tribute, which I had not heard before, "There was nothing he would not do for the least o' we."

Sincerely yours,
Ethel Gordon Graham,
Secretary.

Has anyone found in any non-religious writer a complete satisfaction, a final answer to questions, a perfect peace?

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

(Continued From Page 4).

of you. But if we let him out to-night all the gangs of the neighbourhood would be after him."

Jock darted a grateful look in Donald's direction as he was led away. Donald wondered as he walked home why he desired to stand by this rascal. He felt no particular interest in him as Jock Campbell. He could only conclude that the same spirit that had sent him into the fray caused him now to stand by a man who was so utterly alone in his trouble.

He felt no virtue in the act, although Jean did when next morning he told her about the incident and that he had to go to court. She looked at him admiringly. "I say, that was a brave thing to do. The man over whom all the trouble was. Very generous of you—loving your enemies with a vengeance. That's the spirit that will make this Shelter a real force in the life of the neighbourhood."

"I wasn't thinking about that, really," Donald said modestly. "The fellow had his back to the wall—he was in a minority—I've always had the desire to stand by the man who's at a disadvantage. I'm going to try and put in a word for him. It might do him a bit of good—in any case he went through the mill last night and he seems to have had his punishment already."

"I'm coming with you," announced Jean suddenly. "My car's outside. We'll see this through together."

So it was side by side they entered court, and after a word with the sergeant, who promised that Donald should be given opportunity to speak at the appropriate time, they took their places.

(To Be Continued).

HALF of the world's platinum production last year, nearly 300,000 oz., was produced in Canada. Canada went into first place as a producer some four years ago when she took the lead over Russia. Other sources of supply are South America and South Africa.

The price of platinum has decreased consideraly during the past fourteen years, having fallen from about six times the price of gold to approximately the same price. This reduction, together with intensive research on the possibilities of the metal, has brought about a largely increased demand.

In the electrical industry, for instance, it is widely used for contact points, switches, electric control apparatus and clocks.—Christian Herald (London).

A CALL FOR HELP!

(Continued From Page 8).

and leave me. Leslie came two months ago, abviously for a visit—he is all I have, you know." Here the old man's voice shook slightly.

"He soon had the new servants turned against me, then when I was actually bed-ridden for a few days, this Bill person was imported as a nurse. After that they were able to make me a complete prisoner in my own house. It's my own fault in a way—I've never made friends here, coming as I do just for the summer months, so no one was likely to enquire about me.

"Meanwhile they tried to force me to ransom myself, resorting to actual abuse at times under the pretense that I was violently insane. I had almost despaired of getting in touch with anyone when I thought of Dudley here. My short-wave transmitter had been installed when I came, but I hadn't tried it out and wasn't sure how well it would operate. Then last night my chance came and I was able to send out the call you picked up, my lad. I thank God for it!"

"I suppose," said Tom, easing his swollen ankle into a more comfortable position, "that our call made your jailers decide to get you out of the way at once."

"Exactly. Our objective, I understand, was a lonely mountain cabin about twenty miles off the main road where I was to be entrusted to the tender mercies of a man called 'Red' until I gave in or—I suppose—died!"

The young men shuddered.

"The storm striking when it did, led them to take shelter in that cave a few rods from the trail, perhaps two miles from the highway. Then you came barging in!"

"Do you believe the police will get this fellow, 'Red'?" enquired Dud after a long silence.

"Undoubtedly," the Major asserted, "especially since my worthy grandson is so ready to turn King's evidence! And now," he said briskly, changing a subject painful to him, "how can I show my gratitude to you lads? Like to have that little biplane salvaged and fitted up again, Challoner?"

Tom's face gave enthusiastic assent even as he protested.

The Major laughed.

"What about you, Smythe?"

"If you wouldn't mind my messing about, Major," said Dud soberly, "I'd like to examine that assembly you were discusing last winter. You use a new type vibrator transformer, I believe—"

Two minutes later the world and its sorrows, not to mention Tom Challoner, were forgotten by the two enthusiastic amateurs.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. About forgiveness.
2. The Rabbis spoke of forgiving three times. He thought he should do better.
3. No. He meant that we should always be ready to forgive.
4. The Story of the Unmerciful Servant.
5. That God has forgiven us a great deal and that we should forgive those who wrong us.
6. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive (or have forgiven RV) our debtors." Matt. 6:12.

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Keep Your Wits Working

MORE TREES OF THE BIBLE

1. Under what tree did Saul shelter at Migron?
2. What trees was Lebanon famous for?
3. Instead of the * * * * * shall come up the * * * tree.
4. Instead of the * * * * * shall come up the * * * * * * tree.
5. To what tree is grey hair likened. (This is a hard one).
6. What tree did the other trees elect as king?

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st's in gladness. It isn't in sorrow.
My 2nd's in purchase. It isn't in borrow.
My 3rd's in walk. It isn't in run.
My 4th's in pleasure. It isn't in fun.
My 5th's in pudding. It's also in plum.
My 6th's in happy. It isn't in glum.
My 7th's in now. It's also in then.
My 8th's in where. It's also in when.
My 9th's in whale. It isn't in shark.
My 10th's in day. It isn't in dark.
My 11th's in thee. It isn't in you.
My 12th's in aspect. It isn't in view.
My 13th's in hear. It isn't in sound.
My whole we wish for the whole world round.

Acting Short Stories

A pastime which I have found to be very popular is the following. A few children are gathered together and a grown-up or even one or other of themselves, reads short stories. After this the stories are acted, each child being alloted a character, or two, if the assemblage is small. If clothes are available, they can dress up partly. It may be necessary for an adult to help at first, then the children can be left to themselves, the latter course being both more enjoyable and more profitable.

Sewing parties are also popular. If it is not desired to have too many children in, just three or four can come together and bring some sewing. They sit stitching busily round the fire, and telling each other stories and jokes meanwhile. Fireside games can also be played.

A Little Encouragement

THE children will, at first, need some adult encouragement to tell stories and play games, for they will just want to sit and chat. And while unorganised chatting is quite pleasant, it will be found that a sewing party which is accompanied by games and stories leaves a stronger and pleasanter impression on the children's minds, making them keener to have another.

A useful medium of enjoyment for the child at this time is coloured wax. This is a substitute for plasticine, is much cleaner, and has no odour. With the wax are usually sold some illustrations of shapes to be made. The wax is softened, then moulded into the figures.

After a time, the child will be able to make figures without the illustrations. It need hardly be pointed out that the range of objects to be produced is indefinite. Plants, animals, household objects, figures, can all be done.—Methodist Times.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Shipping in the Bible.—1. Noah (Gen. 6: 14-8:19). 2. Jonah (1 and 2). 3. St. Paul (2 Cor. 11:25). 4. St. Paul (Acts 27:22). 5. Psa. 107:23-31). 6. Solomon (1 Kings 10:22; 11 Chron. 9:21).

Bible Characters.—1. Joseph (Gen. 37: 3). 2. Samuel (1 Sam. 2:19). 3. Saul (1 Sam. 10:23). 4. David (1 Sam. 16:12). 5. Eleazar (2 Sam. 23:10). 6. Benaiah (2 Sam. 23:20; 1 Chron. 11:22).

Bible Trees (Third Series).—1. Fir (Psa. 104:17). 2. Juniper (1 Kings 19:4). 3. Gourd (Jonah 4:6). 4. Isa. 55:12. 5. Isa. 96:12; Isa. 14:8. 6. Vine (Ps. 80:8).

Rhyming Riddle.—A Merry Christmas.

Gasps and Giggles

FLAVOR

It was the first time he had lunched at the new restaurant.

"I should say that you have a spotlessly clean kitchen here," he said to the manager.

The manager was naturally delighted at this remark.

"Very good of you to say so, sir," he replied. "May I ask what makes you think that?"

"Well," replied the diner, "everything I've had so far has tasted of soap."

ALL OUT

Caller: "Can I see the manager, please?"

Office Boy: "He's out."

Caller: "Can I see the secretary, then?"

Office Boy: "He's out."

Caller: "Very well, I'll wait by the fire."

Office Boy: "You can't: that's out too."

LEARNING'S LIMIT

A teacher wrote to a parent about his awkward boy: "I have taught your son all I know—and he knows nothing."

A PINK PAPER CAP

IF we are wise we have been cheerfully foolish during the last few days. We have played childish games and laughed at the homeliest jokes. It has been a happy time; let us lock away a tiny souvenir of the Christmas feast. My own choice is this pink paper cap, my prize from a Christmas cracker, and shaped like the traditional headgear of the jester.

Perhaps it will do me good to take an occasional look at this pink fool's cap as the months pass. It will remind me of several things that are all too easy to forget. It will remind me, for example, of how I laughed over a certain little annoyance, instead of getting stiff and indignant about it; it did not seem worth while to lose my laugh at Christmas over so small a matter. My paper cap will remind me, too, that someone was kind and Christmassy to me, in spite of our tiff a month or so ago. It will remind me, again that the world is full of children, and that all our high politics end in this—a happy or an unhappy world for the little ones who have no quarrel with anyone on earth.

I will put on my paper cap whenever I am most sure that I am wise. It is then that I most need a touch of the foolishness of Christmas.—John Roadmender in the Christian World.

HIS NUMBER

The new maid came dashing into the house. "Someone has run off with your car," she cried to the master.

"Goodness," he gasped, "Did you see what he looked like?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "I didn't stop to look, but I took the number of the car for you!"

TOO SIMPLE

A Professor of English teaching his son the nursery rhyme 'Little Jack Horner' thought it was too simple, so he translated it as follows:

"Little Jack Horner sat in a mural intersection masticating pastry. He inserted the polex dexter and extracted a delectable fruit, exclaiming: 'Don't you think I am prodigiously precocious?'"

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FOR THE HOME PARTIES

Pineapple Surprise. — One cup heavy cream, 12 marshmallows, 1 1-2 cups canned pineapple, diced or shredded. Whip the cream until stiff, stir in the marshmallows cut in quarters, add the pineapple. Mix and chill thoroughly. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with a maraschino cherry. If desired a teaspoon of the maraschino syrup may be poured over each serving.

Blossom Fruit Cup

Combine 2 cups orange juice, 1-2 cup lemon juice and enough sugar syrup to sweeten slightly. Add 3 cups orange segments, 3 cups pineapple, diced, and 3 cups pitted grapes. Open can of Bartlett pear halves, drain and cut the halves into 5 strips lengthwise. Fill sherbet glasses 1-4 full of the mixed fruits. Arrange pear strips around the sides of the glasses like flower petals and immediately before put a dipper of lemon, mint or raspberry sherbet in the centre of each fruit flower. You will need 5 quarts of fruit sherbet to make 50 portions of the fruit cup.

London Smoke

Pour iced ginger ale into tall glasses
Add 1 scoopful of vanilla ice cream to each glass.
Stir gently and serve immediately.

Iced Tea

Use 6 heaping teaspoons of black tea. Infuse tea in one pint of fresh, boiling water for six minutes. Strain, and pour liquid into a two-quart container. While hot, add:

1 to 1 1-2 cups of granulated sugar, and juice of two lemons, strained.

Then shake or stir contents well, unitl sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Fill container with cold water. DO NOT ALLOW TEA TO COOL BEFORE ADDING THE COLD WATER, otherwise liquid will become cloudy.

Serve in tall glasses with chipped ice or cubes. A slice of lemon may be added if desired. The above will make two quarts of iced tea, or 7 glasses.

About Quantities

Coffee: One pound makes 40 cups. Sugar: 1 1-2 pounds is sufficient for 40 cups of coffee. Cream: 1 quart light cream or 1 pint of thick to be thinned with milk is enough for 40 cups coffee. Ice cream: 1 1-2 to 2 gallons will serve 40 to 50, depending on size of servings. Butter: 1 pound print butter makes 40 small squares. Bread: 1 pound loaf makes 24 slices (or 12 sandwiches).

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MAKING AMUSEMENT

By GRACE ARCHBOLD

MRS. REID sat back in her chair and indulged in a good laugh all by herself. For the moment she had dropped her sewing and picked up the current number of a magazine. In it she had come upon a picture story.

The series depicted a little boy who was celebrating his birthday. Adoring relatives were, one by one, offering him the very latest and most expensive things in the way of toys: a mechanical train fully equipped; a delivery wagon, very real; the proper thing in footballs; highly-finished blocks; clowns and animals that only had to be wound up, and they would strut ridiculously about the floor.

The child's expression was a study in itself—a mixture of delight and bewilderment. It was only in the last of the series, however, that he looked absorbingly happy. He had turned his back on his birthday gifts and was busy with a hammer, knocking nails into his overturned wooden chair, according to a pattern all his own.

"It is so true," murmured Mrs. Reid.

The satisfaction resulting from building or making something shows itself very early. Mrs. Reid remembered how her Jimmy, when barely two years old, had toddled over to her saying in delighted tones: "Go gate, go gate." He had formed a gateway with chairs and led her through. After that he had passed back and forth through it with his shabby cart, over and over again.

At another time, when he was a little older, he had discraded a most attractive toy motorcar, almost as soon as he had received it, and had started to make one of his own, using a small wooden box and gathering gadgets for it from various parts of the house. She recalled the many happy hours he had spent taking imaginary trips in it, delivering parcels to her and calling for trade orders. Yes, he was never happier than when he was making something, or using what he had made.

Sounds of merriment came to her now from the playroom. She tiptoed quietly to the door and peeped in. In one corner was a doll's house that Jimmy had made. He had gathered some boards together and used a set of tools, that Dad had given him, to very good purpose.

Now he was busy making furniture for the rooms. Rose, the elder girl, was concocting bedclothes, pillows and cushions. Mary was dressing dolls to live in the house. Charles, the youngest and the most reflective and artistic of the family, was drawing pictures for the walls.

Mrs. Reid returned to her sewing, well-pleased with what she had seen.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Northern Messenger

JANUARY 5, 1940.

ROYAL GREETINGS TO LOYAL FOLK

THE King and Queen in their quiet way walked to St. Mary's Church near their home in Sandringham on Christmas morning. With the adult members of their party they remained afterwards for Holy Communion, as has been their custom for many years. The King in the afternoon gave the broadcast which was heard through the length and breadth of the British dominions and in the ships upon the seven seas.

Under the shadow of the war the British people observed Christmas in their traditional way or in ways as close to tradition as was possible under the circumstances. One lady writing to a member of the Messenger staff a little before the holidays says in effect, "Human nature has a wonderful way of adjusting itself to things. There have been no air raids yet but we don't expect to be immune here when they start. But everyone is preparing for Christmas, though for all we can tell we may not be alive to enjoy it."

The British fighting forces were not forgotten. Along the defences of the Western Front, on the ships on their watch and ward on the seas, in air bases, camps and training centres, efforts were directed toward making Christmas as enjoyable as possible.

The Canadian First Division is "somewhere in Britain" established in Mr. Hore-Belisha's "military palaces", training for any stern work that may lie ahead of them on the continent of Europe.

Many members of the Force who have friends in Britain were given leave over the Christmas week-end. The traditional good things of Christmas were also provided for those who remained in their quarters. Private letters from Britain as well as the newspaper despatches speak of the Canadians as being in good health and spirits.

A despatch from England says that the Christmas morning services held in camp were exceptionally well attended. One chaplain quoted by the Canadian Press says, "Some of the boys are a bit lonely, despite the kindness of the English people. . . . Young lads away from home for the first time and fathers separted from their families cannot prevent the suggestion of a tear in the eye."

Arrangements have been made so that each man shall be given a copy of the New Testament. The First Division were presented with theirs after they reached England. The other contingents of the C.A.S.F. will receive them before they leave Canada.

The New Testament is a book of peace. But it was written when the Roman armies policed and kept the peace through the greater part of the then known world. So it is no wonder that soldiers appear from time to time in these writings. It is worth remarking that almost invariably there is something good said about them.

* * *

Those whose minds go back to the "Great War", —especially those who went through it,—will be struck with the contrast between the discomforts of Salisbury Plain and the new housing of the troops with 'all the comforts of home.'

And we all feel that nothing can be too good for the young fellows who have left home and friends to fight our battles. For it certainly is our battle they have gone to fight. The menace of dictatorship threatened the world. If the offenders had been permitted to go on without a check, their ambition would have grown by what it fed upon till at last nothing could have stood before them, and we and those who shall come after us would have been worse than slaves.

Under the tyrant empires of old time slaves could at least keep their minds free. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." But the

(Continued on Page 16.)

King George's New Year Message

With these words, His Majesty closed his Christmas morning message to the peoples of the British Empire the world around, and to many millions of others who were listening in:

The new year is at hand. We cannot tell what it will bring. If it brings peace, how thankful we shall be. If it brings us continued struggle, we shall remain undaunted.

Meanwhile, I feel that we may all find a message of encouragement in the lines which in my closing words, I would like to read to you:

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than the known way'."

May that Almighty hand guide and uphold us all.

We could wish no better New Year's wish for all our readers than that expressed in our King's words.

Greetings from Canadian Statesmen

THE Christmas message of "Peace and Good Will to Men of Good Will" sets forth in a single phrase the one objective of the Allied forces in the war against Germany, Premier Mackenzie King said in a holiday greeting to the Canadian people.

"On the outcome of the present conflict will depend, for our day and the days of many generations to come, whether the lives of nations as well as of individuals are to be governed by the methods of Herod or by the spirit of Christ."

* * *

Hon. R. J. Manion, Conservative leader, in a Christmas message, expressed the wish "that among the many blessings which God may shower upon us all during 1940, there may be included the blessing of a successful, lasting and honorable peace."

"It matters not our race or creed, we, in Canada, can all rejoice that, in the pages of history, our country will be numbered among those that, with clear vision, saw the present menace to mankind, and responded to the call of humanity in its hour of greatest need."

* * *

Every officer and man of the Army and Air Force received a card from the King and Queen:

"With best wishes for Christmas, 1939. May God bless and protect you."

Facsimiles of the signatures of the King and Queen followed.

* * *

THE EMPIRE BROADCAST

The leading place in the broadcast was given to offcers and men of the Dover Patrol as the ship moved out of the harbor to take up the unending watch on the high seas. Then came the words from the British Army in France amid ice and fog. Greetings came from the Royal Air Force, including one flier from Regina now in England.

PEACEFUL SCENES

The program moved on to more peaceful scenes, the Welsh miners, the family in Northern Ireland which had a touch of the war as members of the family sent greetings to its young men now with the army. The Scottish family also sent loving greetings to men away in defence of the Empire.

A Newfoundland fisherman expressed the satisfaction of that ancient colony that its seamen were playing an important part in the patrols helping to guard the seas about the Motherland.

Canada sent greetings from the Royal Canadian Air Force and a welcome to airmen from the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand who will come to Canada to complete their air training.

The Empire listeners also heard from Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa and Singapore.

Finally just before His Majesty's broadcast came a message from an old shepherd in the Cotswold Hills.

ROYAL GREETINGS TO LOYAL FOLK

(Continued from Page 15.)

new tyrannies aim to subjugate the souls and minds as well as the bodies of men.

This is the reason why most Christians, however, reluctantly, have been led to accept the necessity of resistance to aggression even by force of arms.

This has been repeated many times in history. We call to mind the defeat of Attila and his hordes at Chalous in 451 A.D.; England's resistance to Spain in the 16th century and Europe's long struggle with Napoleon ending with the exile of that "dictator" to St. Helena. And only twenty-five years ago there was the Great War.

Nations are gradually coming to realize that something will have to be done to hinder this recurrence of "gangsterism" every generation or two. A real League of Nations with a police force empowered to handle offenders against the common weal may be erected after the war.

Meanwhile we have the existing situation with so many of our young fellows overseas. Those of us who know many of them realize that they are just boys, jolly, adventurous and kind-hearted.

Our prayers will go up that they may be preserved from evil to body, mind and spirit, that they may soon be brought back to us and that the day may come speedily when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Happy New Year!

You Tell On Yourself

You tell on yourself by the friends you seek,
By the very manner in which you speak,
By the way you employ your leisure time,
By the use you make of dollar and dime.

You tell what you are by the things you wear,
By the spirit in which your burdens bear,
By the kind of things at which you laugh,
By the records you play on the phonograph.

You tell what you are by the way you walk,
By the things of which you delight to talk,
By the manner in which you bear defeat,
By so simple a thing as how you eat.

By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf:
In these ways and more, you tell on yourself;
So there's really no particle of sense
In an effort to keep up false pretence.

—Author Unknown.

Looking Forward into the New Year

THE year 1940 promises to be a good one for readers of the *Northern Messenger*. We can assure you of many a well-spent evening reading the next serial by a popular author, entitled "The Player from Elmdale" which will start early in January, and the lively short stories, and articles which have been collected for your entertainment.

We also are continuing the weekly kindergarten talks which, during the holiday season have been crowded out by special Christmas features and stories. We try continually to supply fresh and stimulating brain-teasers on our riddles and games page, and it is our aim to have a few carefully selected "laughs" to put you in a rollicking humor for the next week's work.

On the editorial and Devotional pages and in the Bible Study we try to emphasize the simple principles of the Sermon on the Mount.

With this Christian foundation our hope is to give relaxation that will help to keep cheerfulness and courage alight in these war days.

We extend to you, each and every one, our warmest wishes for the coming year, and ask you to let us share in making it happier and brighter.